

Daily Kentuckian

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... This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war.....

OUR SERVICE FLAG



HOOVER CLAIMS CREDIT.

If the government had "allowed the commerce in wheat to take its untrammelled course," flour would be selling at the mill to day for \$10 to \$10.50 and probably "rioting would have been experienced in all our centers of congested population of a violence that leads to blood in our gutters," declared Herbert Hoover in an address in New York.

Mr. Hoover spoke at a conference of 160 representative American grain dealers and officials of the food administration grain division, called to discuss grain exports and regulation of cereal consumption in this country.

Asserting that when flour went to \$16.75 a barrel at the mill door last May, resulting hardships dislocated our entire economic life, Mr. Hoover said he did not accuse the grain trade of having been responsible for the situation, but rather blamed the fact that the allies had to have wheat price and were prepared to pay any price for it.

"A series of speculations sprang up that were deplorable beyond words," he said, "but only a microscopic portion of this speculation was of deliberate or vicious nature. There was no concerted manipulation. There was total disturbance to the law of supply and demand."

Awarding of contracts for the manufacture of 3,500,000 pairs of metallic fastened shoes for the army overseas at an average cost of approximately \$7.75 per pair, and for two million pairs of field welt shoes at a price ranging from \$6.75 to \$8.49 was announced by the war department. The shoes will range in size from 5 1/2 to 16 and deliveries will begin July 1. The highest bid accepted was \$9.17 per pair for metallic fastened field shoes ranging in size from 12 1/2 to 15.

Three members of the American steamer Chinchua's crew were killed the navy department announced, in the ship's fight with a submarine, Mar. 21. Previous reports had said several men were injured, but made no mention of any having been killed. The Chinchua beat off the submarine after firing about thirty shots.

Harry A. Sommers, editor of the Elizabethtown News, who has been suffering with an ulcer of the stomach for several months, grew worse last week, and has entered Pope's Sanatorium, in Louisville, for another course of treatment. His friends all over the state hope for his speedy restoration to health.

Gen. Von Arnim's attempt to hold the mound at Kimmel has resulted in many hundreds of new mounds being made in the vicinity of his fighting lines.

The French call it Epps, the Belgians Eppes and the British Wipers. The generally accepted pronunciation on this side is Epps.

"A SPLENDID TONIC"

Says Hixson Lady Who, On Doctor's Advice, Took Cardui And Is Now Well.

Hixson, Tenn.—"About 10 years ago I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of this place. "I suffered with a pain in my left side, could not sleep at night with this pain, always in the left side."

My doctor told me to use Cardui. I took one bottle, which helped me and after my baby came, I was stronger and better, but the pain was still there.

I at first let it go, but began to get weak and in a run-down condition, so I decided to try some more Cardui, which I did.

This last Cardui which I took made me much better, in fact, cured me. It has been a number of years, still I have no return of this trouble. I feel it was Cardui that cured me, and I recommend it as a splendid female tonic.

Don't allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. It should surely help you, as it has so many thousands of other women in the past 40 years. Headache, backache, sideache, nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out feeling, are all signs of womanly trouble. Other women get relief by taking Cardui. Why not you? All druggists.

NC-132

(Advertisement)

A Successful Experiment

By GORTON CARRUTH

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

He put his paper aside abruptly, rose and walked down the leaf-strewn path to the other bench, where the girl was sitting.

"Would you like to try an experiment?" he asked quietly, standing with hat in hand before her.

She looked at him for a moment, unsmiling, her expression neither inviting nor repelling.

"Perhaps," she said at length. He sank into the seat beside her. "It is something I have often wanted to try," he said slowly. "Here are we two, perfect strangers in a city of five millions, and never likely to see each other again after we leave this chance meeting place. We have sat here for half an hour, each pretending to read, or to watch the squirrels, or the falling leaves, or the misty golden sunshine out there on the field, but each examining and appraising the other when the other wasn't looking."

"Now, this is the experiment: We have each gained a strong first impression of the other. Let us, with absolutely frankness, tell each other what those impressions are. Let us do what friends cannot do—speak without reservations, made for fear of hurting each other's feelings."

She sat up after he had finished, gazing thoughtfully out at the warm expanse of autumn-tinted park.

"But why?" she asked at last. "I am not sure that Burns was right. Perhaps it is just as well that we can't see ourselves as others see us."

"That," he said, "makes it an experiment. It will be a new experience. I want to know exactly how I look in the eyes of a stranger, however much the knowledge may hurt. Have you ever felt that way?"

"Yes," she said, "I have. Everyone does, I think."

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will do as much for me."

Again she hesitated and sat silently watching a gray squirrel that untroubled by self-consciousness, was busy burying a nut.

"Well," she said finally, "you first."

"The fact that I came over here and proposed this experiment to you at all shows that I thought you a sensible girl," he began slowly. "You impressed me as being neither a prude nor a flirt. You are pretty—I don't need to tell you that—but it has not spoiled you. You are rather thoughtful and studious, and you have a genuine feeling for the beauties of nature—something which too many girls just pretend to have. You are not above, I believe, taking an interest in babies and embroidery, although you know what is going on about you in the world and read something besides the woman's page in the newspapers. You don't work for your living, and your home is one of the comfortable houses in the Seventies. You see a good deal of the society side of life, but you keep healthfully busy at serious things. You are probably a suffragist in a quiet way, and you are also interested in some form of social or philanthropic work, which you do not treat as an heroically assumed duty. And—"

DR. BEAZLEY

--SPECIALIST--

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

a sport, but are a rather serious-minded young man, somewhat too much given to introspection. You are not bad looking, and you impress me as having a good deal of common sense. You are about twenty-five, and you are one of our rising young professional men—an architect, perhaps, or an engineer of some sort. You read a good deal, and when it comes to newspapers, something besides the sporting pages. You are rather domestic by nature, and you have a sense of humor. You also live in one of the better homes in the Seventies or the Eighties, and you are a confirmed New Yorker. There, how is that for a snapshot portrait?"

He did not answer at once, and they both sat silently for a few minutes. Presently he said gloomily:

"My experiment has failed, I'm afraid."

"Of course," she assented gently. "It was bound to. It shows of how little worth a first impression is, anyway. You wondered if the defects that you see in yourself were apparent to others, and you are half disappointed that they are not, for you do not like the idea of wearing a mask. Isn't that it?"

"Yes."

"And yet you must have known, except in moments of self-deprecation, that you make a favorable first impression; and I know that I do, concealed as that may sound."

"All right," he straightened up abruptly. "Then we come to the second part of this experiment. We will now tell just how badly each of us is mistaken."

"Well—" she hesitated. "We can try it, but that also is a pretty hard thing to do."

"Listen to me first," he answered, "while I tell you what a poor judge of character at first glance you are. I may have a sense of humor, but it doesn't work very well. I am gloomy, pessimistic and am rapidly developing into a chronic grouch. I am not one of our rising young professional men; I am a clerk in a large mercantile house, and there hasn't been anything startling in my rise yet. I may have common sense, but it doesn't keep me from making a fool of myself about half the time. I may be domestic by nature, but that's all the good it does me. So far from living in a brown-stone house in the Eighties am I that I live in a single room down in the Twenties. I come from Michigan and am a comparative stranger in New York. I read a good deal, it is true, and you are right about the sporting page, but I don't believe that I ever had an original idea in my life. And—well, I might go on at considerable length, but how do you like the retouched portrait, so far?"

"The girl was laughing at him again. "I think the portrait none the worse," said she; "especially since you are clearly in a mood for self-disparagement. Let me alter your portrait of me a little. I hope that I am sensible. I'm not a flirt, but I'm not so sure that I am not conceited. I like babies and embroidery, but I'm not interested in charitable work and I do read the woman's pages in the newspapers. I don't live in a brown-stone house in the Eighties, either, but have a room up in the One Hundred and Eighties. I earn my living by teaching a class of little Greek, Italian and Russian children down in an East Side school, and I don't move in any other society. I have a bad temper; I'm afraid my pupils suffer a good deal at times. No doubt, I am more studious than most girls but I like the movies and candy and all sorts of frivolous things very much. Now how do you like the retouching?"

"Well," he admitted gravely, "I rather think it improves the portrait; it makes it so much more human."

They fell silent again, watching the sunshine on the colored trees.

"You are quite right about one thing," said the girl presently. "I love the trees and the fields and the sky. I was brought up in the country, and I don't believe I could stand it here in these endless miles of brick and stone, if it were not for the park."

"I come here often myself," the man said. "Do you?"

"Every Sunday afternoon. I like this spot best of all; the view is so beautiful."

"So do I."

The sun had left the trees and they could see the lights of the city twinkling like brilliant stars.

"Do you know," said the man, rising. "I think my experiment is not going to be a failure, after all, though it has not resulted as I expected."

"Perhaps it won't be," answered the girl quietly.

There was a moment's pause. Then: "I will say only—good-night," he said. "Good-night," she answered.

He turned and walked along the darkening path. As he reached the bend he broke into a cheerful whistle. The girl, smiling, walked briskly away. She was wondering what she would wear next Sunday afternoon, and he was trying to decide if it would be wise to take a box of candy with him.

How's This?

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"Gels-It," the guaranteed, money-back-corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store, M'Doby E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Hopkinsville and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by L. L. Elgin.

RELIGIOUS DRIVE BEGINS IN MASSACHUSETTS TODAY.

(By International News Service.)

Boston, May 1.—A great religious drive in furtherance of "the moral aims of the war," opened here today when there two important conferences of religious leaders of New England.

A mass meeting will be held tonight in Symphony Hall. The meeting will be addressed by Sir George Adam Smith and former President William Howard Taft.

Forty-six similar meetings will be held in all parts of New England within the next week.

COLLEGE NINES CLASH TO-DAY.

(By International News Service.)

Columbus, Mo., May 2.—The returned three games series between Ames College Ames Ia and the University of Missouri was begun here on varsity field. The visitors will leave here Saturday night.

Henderson sent 45 selectives Monday.

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FRANK BOYD, PROP.

REVEALS CARNAGE OF WAR

Scenes Witnessed at French Seaport Base Show Losses That Humanity Has Sustained.

To linger about a seaport base in France is to have more vividly brought home to one the awful carnage of this struggle. Shipload after shipload of men and material are ever discharging, and trainloads of wreckage are ever returning. As a boy in the pink of health swings down the gangplank at one end of the pier, the stretcher bearers are carrying another boy now limp and broken up the gangplank to a hospital ship at the other end of the pier.

One steamer is discharging new guns and limbers, and shining equipment, while another is loading all kinds of wreckage which the salvage corps has gathered from the field of battle; broken gun carriages, torn uniforms caked with mud and gore, rusty rifles, worn boots, bayonets, filthy blankets, belts, knapsacks, shattered shell cases, and a thousand other mute reminders of the tragedy of war.

From the seaport base the newly arrived troops march to the rest camp, situated several miles outside of the town. A rest camp is the strangest form of hostelry imaginable. A great camp of tents and huts, affording momentary hospitality to the troops en route to the front, a mammoth hotel where 10,000 may arrive in the night and move off in the morning.

The commandant of the rest camp at Harre said to me once, "I'm the biggest hotel keeper in the world. Last night I was the host to nine regiments, all of whom were registered for a period of less than twenty-four hours. One night my hotel may be almost empty and the next I may count my guests by the thousands."

At the rest camp the troops are issued trench supplies and equipment. If it is winter they get goatskin body jackets, and, parading in this rig, they resemble a mass of Arctic explorers.

LAUNDRY WAGON TO RESCUE

Lowly Peace Equipage Instrumental in Rendering Aid to Son of Mars in Misfortune.

Armored motorcar with half a dozen artillerymen aboard whirling along upper Broadway. Crossing an intersecting street, a sharp gust of wind blows off the hat of one of the artillerymen and sends it spinning upward into the air, as if it had been knocked off his head by a bit of shrapnel.

A moment later, of course, it drops to the street pavement to be promptly picked up by a passing citizen, who is naturally anxious to return it to the soldier. But so swiftly was it moving that the armored car got two blocks away before it halted.

The citizen, however, was quite equal to the occasion. At this moment there came along over this crossing and bound in the same direction a laundry delivery wagon and to the driver of this outfit the citizen intrusted the hat.

"Sure!" said the driver, and a minute later—an odd juxtaposition of peace and war—laid the laundry wagon alongside the armored motorcar and handed the hat over to the artilleryman.—New York Tribune.

Efficiency.

Joel Hadley, a teacher at Shortridge high school, has a friend and old classmate, Rudolph Harle, who is spending the winter in Deland, Fla. Harle sent him a large coconut, a little larger than a man's head. It came without any artificial covering, but was wrapped in its natural enveloping shell. The address was written on this shell with ink. The stamps were stuck above it.

The nut is about nine inches long and seven and one-half inches wide. It is shaped something like a three-sided pyramid. Mr. Hadley has not yet opened the outer shell, for, he says, it makes a good souvenir for future generations, "telling of the efficiency and higher development of the United States postal system in the twentieth century."—Indianapolis News.

Piccadilly Again.

It was at Pozieres that an officer of the 8—had an amusing experience. He was working along a communication trench with a party of bombers when he met a regular procession of Boches, all holding their hands well up, and led by one who carried an enormous cigar-box over his head. The British officer suspected some sort of foul play, of course. The Boches have played so many dirty tricks. But the fellow whipped open the big box and showed it had nothing in it but cigars, and explained as well as he could that it was by way of being a sort of propitiatory offering. He wound up by saying: "This war no good; no good at all, sir. Piccadilly again soon, now, sir!"—Montreal Herald.

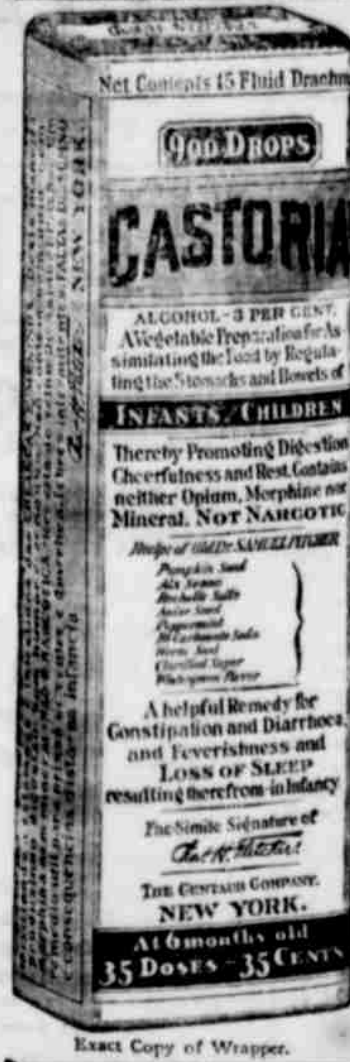
Commanding Respect.

"Are you going to town in your working clothes, Hiram?" exclaimed Farmer Corntassel's wife. "That's what I am. When I walk up High street I don't want to be mistook for any city chap. I want to look like I had a barrel o' potatoes or a load o' hay that I might condescend to sell somebody if I took a fancy to him."

Couldn't Take a Hint.

"I'm cold," said the sweet young thing, glancing wistfully at the young man at her side. "I wish I had something around me."

"Really?" replied the slow youth. "I'll get my sister to knit you a sweater. She's very clever at such work."



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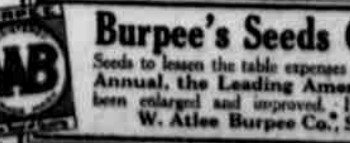


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